I wanna see if you can try (Drink a little bit of me)

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by SargentCorn

Summary

Hunted by Vamipire!Hannibal, Will realizes the vampire is what he truly wants, and he's willing to give in, and embrace whatever Hannibal has for him.

Notes

I have a thing for Will being seduced by vampire!Hannibal I think. My last fic has the same premise though different execution. And after not wanting to write for a over year because of getting a job, I finally have.... and it's Will getting seduced by vampire!Hannibal. Whelp. Anyways, this is a two part fic because that's what it feels like it should be. So smut will be in the second part.

Chapter 1

Nightly house ships used to comfort him, but now, he gained nothing. White fanged shadows ran him from his comfort, and chased still, nipping at his heels whenever they could. Cold tips brushing his skin, turning it paler than it already was. But never, never biting down to pierce weak human flesh, merely teasing a possibility only found in fictional universes, where readers sink into their deepest fantasies for relief from a world seemingly unbothered by such creatures.

But here, in the now, Will knew they were no mere fictional monsters. Blending into society, invisible to all, save for maybe those on the fringes of society, like him. And now, one hunted him doggedly, leaving Will exhausted in mind and body. He didn't think he could last much longer before he gave in and let the vampire win. Especially when that same vampire was also the Chesapeake Ripper.

If Hannibal had been merely human, maybe Will could have been able to outrun him, but with the seemingly limitless abilities of the vampire at his fingertips, the tired man knew, Hannibal could chase him till the day he died. Which is how he found himself, in this abandoned cabin, knowing, waiting for the day Hannibal showed to claim what he saw as his. Will didn't think he wanted to try at stopping Hannibal from claiming him. In the deepest parts of his mind, parts where he buried everything from there fiercely, he craved the idea of Hannibal owning him, mind and soul. Though Will also knew it could be argued, Hannibal already owned his mind and soul from the very day Will allowed him entrance into his mind full of torrents and sharp cliffs.

The sound of a stick snapping pulled his thoughts from musing more on the subject. Hannibal had arrived, after weeks of keeping him waiting for their reunion. Exhaling sharply, Will's body spiked with adrenaline, forcing him to run inside, fully knowing it was a trap, but his thoughts went from calm to panicking in a matter of seconds. Old age instincts from the more primal part of his brain took over with the arrival of a better predator on the field.

And with a single push, holding Will against the wall in a firm grip, hands behind his back, proving himself the better predator. One that could move faster than Will could blink. And one that made the hairs stand up on the back of his neck even with small puffs of breath nearly caressing his skin. Silence ticked by before Will sucked in air to speak. "Hannibal," he said, forcing his voice to be even as possible though every instinct screamed to run, or accept death.

“William,” he replied, voice velvety smooth as always. “What a merry chase you’ve led me on.” Running the tip of his nose up Will’s neck, the vampire inhaled deeply. Will had to force his body to keep still. “You knew better than to run.”

“Yes,” Will agreed. He really shouldn’t have run, but he did. And now, Hannibal had him against the wall, his nose taking in Will’s scent greedily.

“I’m not offended, nor surprised, dear boy. Humans always run,” Hannibal said, voice even, while his lips pressed ghost kisses along his neck. Will bit his lip, trying to keep a whimper down. “You’re merely obeying your instincts, William. Just like a smart boy like you should do.” Teeth caressed his neck, forcing the whimper from Will’s throat no matter how hard he attempted to keep it down. A laugh sounded behind him. “You’re still fighting what we already know you want.”

“Yes,” he croaked, unable to lie to Hannibal. Fighting when he knew what he wanted. He didn’t know why. Was it some attempt to act as if he was above the thrilling temptation Hannibal was? Or was it in attempt to prove he wasn’t as crazy as society made him out to be? And why was he still fighting in the privacy of this abandoned cabin, where there were no judging eyes on his actions that forced an otherness upon him whether he wanted it or not.

“Stubborn, stubborn boy,” Hannibal hummed, nosing Will’s untamed curls. “Give in, William, you’re hovering when you want to fall.” The ghost of a kiss to his neck, where blood pumped fiercely hidden by easily torn flesh. Exhaling, Will knew Hannibal was correct. His mind teetered on the edge of a cliff, where falling meant no coming back, but did he want to?

No, he didn’t.

And he *fell*.

Sagging against Hannibal’s touch, Will exhaled letting all the weight he felt fall from his shoulders. “Hannibal,” he whispered, the vampire’s name falling from his lips, a prayer of sorts. A chilled hand wrapped around his waist, but he didn’t mind the cold.

“Yes, dear boy?” he purred, pleased with Will’s surrender. Hannibal’s grip on him loosened allowing Will to look back at him with desperate eyes.

“Take me *home*,” Will said, a finality to his tone that had Hannibal’s eyes practically glowing in approval.

“Of course, darling.” Easily, Hannibal swept Will into his arms, carrying him outside to where a car and a driver, who was another vampire Will understood now, waited. But Will didn’t fear, no, he pressed closer to Hannibal, earning a chuckle. “Dearest boy,” Hannibal whispered, pressing a kiss to his forehead. A whine escaped his throat in response, and Will found himself burying his face in Hannibal’s neck.

“Home, sir?” The voice of the driver sounded, but Will ignored him, focused on the warm embrace he felt in Hannibal’s arms, even though the vampire lacked body heat.

“Yes, home, Michael,” replied Hannibal, sweeping into the car easily with Will still in his arms. “My mate wishes for it, and he shall receive it.” One of Hannibal’s hands rubbed his back in slow circles, making Will sigh in comfort. Yes, he was Hannibal’s mate.

“Of course, sir. Many congratulations to you both.” The door slammed shut, and seconds later, the engine purred as the car drove away from the cabin, and towards Hannibal’s home. Hannibal’s home that was now also Will’s.

Pressing a kiss to Hannibal’s neck, Will hummed in content. Why had he run from this vampire? He didn’t understand. Every inch of him knew he belonged to Hannibal, yet he had run. Why? Perhaps it was the chase, the thrill of knowing Hannibal would hunt him down and claim what was his? Will didn’t know. And he didn’t want to think of it now. Shutting down the thoughts, he moved his head to stare up at Hannibal, who after a few seconds, turned to stare back.

“Hannibal?” he asked, quietly even though the other vampire could hear them easily.

“Yes, my dearest boy?”

“Will you turn me when we get home?” Will asked, eyes half-closed. “Please?” One of Will’s hands moved to grip Hannibal’s shirt, twisting it in half-concern, that maybe Hannibal wouldn’t turn him after all.

“Is that what you wish, William?” Hannibal replied, a thumb coming to rest against Will’s lips, stroking briefly.

“Yes, as…” He paused, face blushing fiercely. The vampire raised an eyebrow waiting for him to continue, and Will did. “As you take me in the… throes of passion.” Despite everything, Will couldn’t help but stutter over the last few words.

Hannibal’s thumb pressed against his lips, and Will let the digit in his mouth, sucking on it gently. He watched Hannibal’s expression of pure delight wash over the vampire’s face. “Is that what you want, my boy? For me to bite you as you surrender yourself to your pleasure?” His hands tightened in Will’s hair, pulling his head. Ducking his head, Hannibal’s fangs brushed along Will’s neck, earning a shiver from the man. “The pleasure I create for you as I eat you out before stuffing you full of my cock? Is that what you want, my dearest boy?”

Biting his bottom lip, Will nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Laughter sounded in his ear now, Hannibal bringing his head to mouth at Will’s ear. “Say it, William. Say that you want this. I need to hear it.” The other hand, not twisted in his hair, ran along Will’s stomach teasingly.

“I need it, Hannibal,” Will croaked out, already feeling fuzzy. “I need to be turned as you fuck me.” The hand in his hair twisted and pulled, eliciting a high-pitched moan from Will. Fangs danced dangerously down his neck, and to his shoulder.

“Oh William,” Hannibal whispered, pressing a kiss to his neck, right at his pulse, hammering against the skin. “And how should I take you, dearest? Shall I have you spread out, making you still by my command alone, or should I have bound in silk rope, making it easier for me to manipulate your body with simple tugs?” Another brush of his fangs, and Will couldn’t deny the erection growing in his pants.

“I’m… not sure, Hannibal,” he admitted, looking away as he did, fearful of Hannibal’s expression. Both sounded good in his mind, though he couldn’t decide which one he wanted. The pressure on his stomach disappeared, and Will felt the hand grip his chin gently, making Will’s eyes meet Hannibal’s again.

“That is fine, dearest boy.” They stared into each other’s eyes, and Will felt as if Hannibal was dissecting beyond his most inner thoughts, but his entire person. “Perhaps I should choose for you?” he offered, leaning down to kiss Will’s lips chastely. “Would you prefer that, dearest?”

He mulled over the idea. Hannibal would respect his choice either way, and he knew that. But did he want to give Hannibal full control to make the decision for him?

Yes, he did. Desire thrummed under his skin even.

“Yes,” he breathed, feeling tears prick at his eyes at the relief of not having to choose for himself. “Please, Hannibal.” A pleased grin broke out onto Hannibal’s face. The hand returned to his stomach, rubbing gentle circles under his shirt.

“Good boy, William,” he praised, and Will whined unashamed. “My beautiful boy.” Another chaste kiss to his lips. “Thank you for allowing me the honor to make the decision, sweet William, I know this does not come easy to you.”

Tears slowly trickled down his face, but Will nodded, his chest feeling lighter than ever before. It felt wonderful to finally allow someone to decide for him. Especially since that someone was Hannibal, who bent his head again to lap up the tears streaking down his face.

“Good boy,” Hannibal whispered. “So good for me. My good boy.” The vampire brought him closer to his chest, nuzzling Will’s hair now. “Sleep, sweet boy, sleep. It is a long trip home, and you will need your rest. For when I take you, sweetest William, I will take you apart and together again, over, and over until you think you can no longer come. Then, only then, will I grace you with my bite.”

Biting his bottom lip, Will buried his face back in Hannibal's neck, eyes fluttering shut. Hannibal made the decision, and Will listened, like the good boy he was. Not soon after, he drifted into oblivion, secured by Hannibal's arms around him, and the knowledge the vampire would not let anyone else near him.

Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

> This took me much longer than I intended, and I probably could have made it last longer, but I'm not going to lie, I also wanted it done with.

When Will woke again, he was securely nestled in silk sheets, and the sun sunk below the mountains. Rubbing his eyes, he wondered how long he had been out. Sitting up with a groan, he glanced to his left to see a glass of water sitting on the nightstand. Reaching out, he brought the glass to lips, and drank greedily to the last drop. He had just finished when the door to the room opened revealing Hannibal.

“Good evening, dearest William,” the vampire greeted, walking in.

“Evening,” Will croaked taking in the finery Hannibal always wore. “How long have I been out.”

“A few days,” he replied, taking a place by Will’s leg. One hand rested against his leg and began rubbing a small circle. Will couldn’t help but relax at the touch. His reaction made Hannibal smile. “My dearest boy, I imagine you are hungry.” Will went to open his mouth, but the vampire pressed a finger against his lips. “Shh, you will eat first, dearest. A good boy listens, yes?” His finger slipped from Will’s lip to under his chin. “And I know you wish to listen, Will.” Whimpering, Will shook his head in agreement. “That’s my good boy.”

Standing, Hannibal moved to the door where Michael stood patiently. There was a quiet conversation, and the other vampire disappeared leaving Hannibal closing the door. Turning back to Will, Hannibal gestured for him to sit at the small table. “Join me, dearest. I won’t have you eat in the bed.” Will slowly removed himself from the bed, and when he grew closer, Hannibal grasped him in his arms, his breath tickling his ear. “But I will eat you in bed after, William, as I promised. I’ll take you apart, again and again.” Another whimper passed Will’s lips, and he found himself leaning against Hannibal.

“Hannibal,” Will croaked, his tone pleading.

“Shh, shh, soon. Eat first. I want you to enjoy your final meal as human first.” Hannibal led him for the final steps to the table, before helping him sit. “I promised to take care of you, did I not?” Will nodded, letting Hannibal tie a napkin around his neck, and laid another on his lap. “Good boy,” he praised again, and a shiver shot down Will’s spine, his lips part, his head returning to a fuzzy state.

A dinner plate was placed before him, along with fanciful silverware, but before he could pick it up, a hand covered his. He glanced up to see Hannibal’s eyes dancing with a question.

“William, I have changed my mind. I would like you to sit in my lap while I feed you. May I pull you into my lap?”

“Yes, please,” he begged, sinking into Hannibal’s touch as the vampire sat him in his lap. Leaning against his chest, Will dutifully opened his mouth for each morsel of food hand placed in his mouth. With each bite, Will can’t help the small moans that slip from his chest, and he finds himself starting to suck on Hannibal’s fingers, chasing the taste eagerly. He’s always been a sucker for good food, and while the food he’s eating hasn’t been cooked by Hannibal, he savors it all the same.

When the final piece passes through his mouth, and he finishes sucking gently on Hannibal’s finger, he opens his eyes to find Hannibal gazing at him, red eyes blown open. “Good boy,” Hannibal praised once he finished his meal. Will moaned, dropping his head into the vampire’s neck. “So beautifully dutiful.” Bringing Will’s head back, Hannibal ducked his head to press a kiss against Will's pulse point. “Though daring of you to suck so greedily from my fingers.”

Growling lowly, Hannibal lifts him from the chair with ease. The vampire nearly glides over to the bed before depositing Will there. Taking Will’s wrist, Hannibal places them above his head. “Keep them there, dearest.” Nodding, and heavy feeling buzzed, Will obeys happily watching as Hannibal peels each item of Will’s clothing off his body. “Gorgeous boy,” the vampire muttered, settling between Will’s legs. Leaning down, he pressed kisses down Will’s neck, his chest, before wrapping his lips around one of Will’s nipples. Will arches up into his mouth with a pleased sigh.

“Hannibal, please,” he begged, wanting more than what Hannibal was giving him. He didn’t care that they had just started, he wanted more.

“Hush, dearest,” Hannibal replied, kissing the middle of Will’s chest. “You’ve left the decision making to me, remember?” His hand pinched the nipple testing. Will nodded whining. “Then be a good boy and listen. I will give you what you want when I desire to give it, whether it be now, or twenty minutes from now. You’re mine to play with. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Good boy. Relax and enjoy the pleasure I intend to give you,” Hannibal ordered, before going back to suck on his nipple. He took time alternating between soft sucking and swirling his tongue while his hand teased Will’s other nipple relentlessly. Will had to bite down on his lip to keep from begging. Good boys listen after all.

Slowly, Hannibal pulled away, a trail of spit connecting his mouth to Will’s nipple before breaking. With half-lidded eyes, Will watch Hannibal’s eyes greedily take in Will’s disheveled state, his messy curls, parted bruised lips, and the red flush starting from his cheeks down to the tip of his leaking cock. And his hands still held above his head kept merely by the promise of a reward.

“Gorgeous, truly gorgeous,” Hannibal growled, pupils blown wide. His hand trailed down Will’s chest to gather up the pre-come from Will’s aching cock. Lifting his finger, Hannibal’s heated gaze locked on Will’s while the vampire sucked on his finger, tasting Will.

“Delicious.” A groan pushed its way out of Will’s chest. “My delicious, gorgeous boy,” Hannibal purred, before leaving a trail of kisses down his chest in his wake.

Fangs scraped his thighs seconds later, and Will’s cock jumped in response. A low rumbling chuckle sounded from Hannibal, before he gently pressed his fangs against the skin, not hard enough to break, but enough for Will to feel a mix of pain and pleasure. His cock seemed to grow even harder, the tip leaking even more. Meeting Hannibal’s gaze, he could see how pleased he was to see Will growing even harder.

Slowly, those fangs pierced his skin, and Will whimpers watching Hannibal’s tongue lap up the blood seeping through hungrily. It shouldn’t be so arousing to watch someone drink his blood, but here in this moment, with Will fully naked spread out in the soft sheets, and Hannibal fully clothed between his legs sucking his thigh, it’s maddingly arousing in a way Will never would have even dared to think of.

A tongue swipes the wound sending shivers down his spine as Hannibal heals the wound. “Can’t have you bleeding out now, dearest,” the vampire purred, moving to let his breath caress Will’s cock. “Not until I’m ready for you join to me eternally.” A cold hand slips around the base of his cock making Will moan. “Eager, dearest?”

“Yes!” Will whined.

“Another time, darling,” Hannibal replied, moving instead to part his legs further. “I was intending to take you apart, time and time again, but I find myself instead wishing to turn you sooner than later.”

“Yes, Hannibal,” Will groaned feeling Hannibal’s finger tease the rim of his hole. “Anything for you,” he whispered, hearing Hannibal open a drawer next to the bed, and uncap a bottle. Hannibal chuckled, slicking his fingers with the lube.

“I know, my dearest William. You’re mine, and you know it, don’t you?” The cool lube makes Will jump at first, but it’s quickly forgotten with the first push of Hannibal’s finger in his hole.

“Yes, yours.”

“Since we first met, darling,” Hannibal replied slowly pumping his first finger. “But just as your mine, I am yours, darling.” Keeping his finger in, Hannibal leaned forward to kiss Will sweetly. “Nothing is impossible for me if you request it of me.”

“And if I ask you to fuck me faster, Hannibal?” Will whispered, voice trembling from the slow pump of Hannibal’s finger.

“Then it will be done, but only when you are ready for me to ravish your hole, dearest.” He kissed Will’s lips again before slipping another finger in. “Here, in these sheets, I will only hurt you if you request it, dearest. Then you can have my cock using your hole the way I know you crave right now but will not get.” Scissoring his fingers, he went on, “After all, even though I intend to turn you faster than expected, I still fully intend to take you apart before I do it, and that means teasing you until you think you can’t take it anymore.” To

accent his point, Hannibal slowly, slowly slipped his fingers out making Will give out a high-pitched whine.

“I was going to take all night, but now, I find myself too tempted by your alluring visage to wait that long.” The fingers returned to circle his rim, sometimes coming close to entering, but never truly doing so. “And I know you won’t complain, darling. You know why?” The fingers halted against his hole.

“Because good boys listen and obey,” Will choked out, making Hannibal smile before the two fingers entered him again.

“Yes, darling, because good boys listen and obey. And that’s what you’re being right now, a good boy.” Hannibal moved against to tug Will’s head to the side and kiss his neck, right over his pulse. “And I’m pleased you’re obeying so well, darling, after the merry chase you’ve led me on all this time, all you’ve truly wanted is to be good, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Will said, a sigh escaping as Hannibal switched between fingering and scissoring him. “But only for you.”

“Yes,” Hannibal purred in agreement, “Only for me, darling boy.” Hannibal plunged his fingers into Will who arched his back with a moan. Eyes falling shut, Will’s mouth parted allowing Hannibal to devour in his mouth in a hungry kiss between pumping Will with his fingers. His cock twitched painfully from being ignored but Will keep his hands to his side. Will’s pleasure would be delivered by Hannibal’s hand, not his.

Fangs nipped his neck again with the push of a third finger making Will whine, opening his legs further to give Hannibal as much access as he wanted. He hears the vampire praise him, but the words are lost in the pleasure hazed mindset he feels himself falling into. It sets every touch to his skin into fire, and Will wants to burn.

And burn he does.

He lets it drag him under, giving full control to Hannibal, trusting him to take care of Will. It’s all he wants, to give up control and to be taken care of. And here he knows Hannibal will take care of him, and he doesn’t want to make decisions anymore.

So he burns.

With slow building pressure, all the sensations swirl down to the fingers in his hole, and the tightness of his balls. He can’t focus on anything else, not even the murmured praises Hannibal bestows on him. Pleasure has overcome, and it’s filling to brim, near ready to burst taking Will with it.

It does.

A punched-out moan escapes, and Will comes hard, his cum streaking his belly. Lips pressed to his sweaty forehead accompanied fingers dragging the pleasure out for him, making it last longer, and Will swears he’s flying. Because the pleasure keeps flowing, and his head is fuzzy, and he doesn’t want it to stop. He wants to be here until Hannibal lets him free.

But he can't, because Hannibal's words are slowly breaking through the fog.

"Dearest Will," he sighed, before finally pushing his cock into Will's hole. "You did so well for me darling, so good." His gaze, though he still feels like he hasn't fully connected back to his body, lands on Hannibal's face. Red eyes glittered pleased, and Will feels full, both physically and mentally. He's pleased Hannibal, and that's all that matters to him in this very moment.

Mind still fuzzy, he can feel Hannibal's cock sliding in and out, a rhythm developed. He's using Will's hole while whispering the filthiest things he's ever heard the prim and proper vampire ever speak. And it's intermingled with praises of Will's intellect, beauty, and how good he is for letting Hannibal take care of him. It's affecting him in ways he didn't know did, and he wants more, more, more.

He should have given up sooner.

Whining needily, he sluggishly moves his head to the side giving Hannibal full access to his neck again. Because of course Hannibal moved it again to pepper him with kisses, and it's not what kisses he wants right now. And he knows he's supposed to wait like good boys do, but he wants so much. He wants Hannibal's fangs in his neck, taking his human life away to bring in new life. A life with Hannibal.

Hannibal hushes him with a kiss to his neck, a promise. Will hushes pleased, at both the promise and the fact Hannibal doesn't tell him to wait like a good boy. Understands that Will wants Hannibal more than anything in this moment. That he wants, and he wants.

Suddenly, Hannibal freezes on top of him, coming with a near shout before his fangs pierce through his skin, draining him of blood and life, and Will is the happiest he's ever been even as he passes out.

When he awakes, the world is different. It's clearer, sharper, and hundred things he's not sure he has the words to fully describe. But when he looks around, finds himself in clean sheets, he sees Hannibal staring out the window, only in pajama pants, but waiting for Will to wake.

"H'nibal?" he croaks, and Hannibal turns to him, smiling.

"Good evening, my dearest, beloved boy," Hannibal whispered, moving to sit on the side of the bed. "You have been asleep for three days now, and no doubt you're thirsty." Will nods, letting a hand sink through his curls and hold him up while a wine glass is lifted to his lips. There's deep red liquid in, and when Will inhales to scent it, a moan slips through. It smells so good, and he's greedily drinking it down. "Hungry boy," Hannibal hums when he's finished.

"More?" he asks shyly.

"Later," Hannibal replies, brushing his curls away from his face. "You've got an eternity to enjoy it, dearest."

“Okay.” Will settles back into the sheets. “Do… do we have to leave yet?” The question leaves him shyly. He doesn’t want to leave just yet. He wants to lay in bed, curled against Hannibal, soaking in the love he’s given to him.

“No, not yet.” His thumb runs over Will’s lips. “Why do you ask, dearest?”

“I want to… cuddle,” Will admits, sinking back from instinctively, fearing that somehow he’ll deny Will now that’s he’s a vampire. Hannibal’s expression softens.

“Of course, my darling boy.” He scoots Will over to bundle under sheets, before pulling Will against him. Hands stroke his hair in comfort and Will feels something deep in him start to settle. “Were you worried I would deny you?” Unable to speak, Will nods feeling Hannibal’s arms tighten around him. “Never, darling, never.”

A hand lifts his chin up, and he’s staring up at the person he loves fully. “I am unable to deny you anything, my dearest William, for you are my greatest weakness. I am but a poor humble worshipper at your godly feet. How could I deny you? I could not. I would throw myself into a fire before I would deny you of anything.” The words fully settle the undercurrent of uneasiness he felt earlier, and Will snuggles close, safe in the knowledge that Hannibal truly wouldn’t deny him, and that Hannibal was his, just as he was Hannibal’s.

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